1881. 1882.

# CARRIER BOY'S ADDRESS,

## TO HIS LIBERAL PATRONS.

A Merry Christmas! A Happy New Year!
Little of sorrow, and much of good cheer,
The Carrier Boy wishes to one and all
As he hurries around on his annual call.
All the year round he has brought to your door
The newspaper, freighted with goodliest store
Of tidings gleaned from remotest space;
Of the doings of all the human race.
Of disasters in mine, field, lake, and sea,
Of depression and want and misery;
Of electric light, beating sun, moon and stars,
Of endless wars and rumors of wars.
Clerical wars from Geneva to Rome,
As to who's the pure quill, and of wrath to come;
Diplomatic wars about Indian and Turk,
Wars 'mong the masses about wages and work.
Wars in Ould Ireland without any stint,
As to whether or not it is right to pay *rint;*
Town Councillors fighting each night in the hall,
About very little or nothing at all.
Of all these you'll read, and of very much more,
In the paper he daily leaves at your door;
He hopes, as your paper you snugly enjoy,
You will think of the claims of the Carrier Boy,
And make him feel happy with some of your chink.
Tickets two dollars this year for the rink,
And skates, too, are up, and mits, coats and boots,
And all that goes into making new suits;
If you wish to be happy, and Christmas enjoy,
Give something good to the CARRIER BOY.